

Just Before the Dawn by Deep_South

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Consensual Kink, Consensual Somnophilia, Fluff and Smut, M/M, Misuse of Childhood Fairy Tales, Rimming, Sleep Sex, Somnophilia, sleep kink, white knight complex

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-04

Updated: 2018-04-04

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:34:38

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,559

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

The next weekend, Steve is utterly determined, and already a little turned on by the thought of it, when he turns towards Billy before bed. They've already had pretty spectacular sex three times that night when Steve turns to Billy and says, "I want you to fuck me."

Billy bites his tongue and leers at him, "You're fucking insatiable, Harrington. Ok, roll over."

"No. I want you to fuck me once I'm *asleep*." Steve looks at Billy in that knowing way of his like he can see right through him, the one that makes Billy feel raw and exposed. "And I'm pretty sure you want it too."

(Written to fulfil a request for Billy pining over Steve sleeping and (consensually) kiss/fucking him awake sleeping-beauty-style.)

Just Before the Dawn

Author's Note:

So... another sleep kink fic (although this time actual sleep kink!). Written to fulfil the request to see Billy pine over Steve sleeping and (consensually) kiss/fuck him awake sleeping-beauty-style).

This fic is actually pretty damn fluffy towards the end considering it starts with Billy jacking off to an unconscious body so... warnings for light “fluff kink”?

“...And so came [he] at last to a chamber which was decked all over with gold. There he encountered the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. Reclining upon a bed, the curtains of which on every side were drawn back, was a princess of seemingly some fifteen or sixteen summers, whose radiant beauty had an almost unearthly luster. Trembling in his admiration he drew near and went on his knees beside her.” – The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood; Charles Perrault

Just Before the Dawn

When Billy was little his mother used to read him stories—tales with magic and fairies, princes and princesses, and faraway lands that enchanted him to sleep. They were stories of a safer world, where despite the monsters and darkness lurking over the kingdoms, evil never truly won. He liked the stories about the princesses the best, enchanted and frozen in sleep just waiting to be awoken. His mother would tease him, called him ‘prince’ as she assured him that he would likely awaken the hearts of way more girls than he would ever need. It wouldn’t be until a few years later before Billy would realize he would never need the hearts of any girls—that when he closed his eyes and thought of awakening slender expanses of slumbering skin,

the flesh was far more angular and muscular—more masculine—than any of the pictures in his books. It also wouldn't be a few more years until Billy realized that although he might not dream of princesses in deep repose in glass coffins and towers, he still thought of sleeping bodies as something beautifully vulnerable and crying out for touch, and that that wasn't exactly *normal*, no matter how prevalent the fairy tale might be.

Billy hadn't slept with many people though. Fucked, yes. But actually *slept* -slept with, no. So his unusual desire for sleeping bodies wasn't really ever a problem until he met Steve. Then it became not only a problem but a weekly form of torture, because Steve was just so painfully beautiful, especially when he slept.

Steve never just slept either. He would make little noises in his sleep, murmurs and quiet laughter. He would even *talk* in his sleep sometimes, mysterious mumblings that never really made any sense, but that Billy hung on to, strained himself to hear and interpret. And then there were the nightmares, which Steve claimed to have, but Billy had never fully seen. A few weeks before he and Billy first (finally) fell into bed together, Steve had started taking an old sleeping pill prescription of his mother's he had found in the medicine cabinet. He slept deeper with the drugs, his face so slack and peaceful that it was breathtaking and Billy couldn't help but stare at him in the slanted filters of light through the dark. The pills kept the nightmares at bay, and although Billy wouldn't wish ill sleep on anyone, part of him wanted to see what Steve's nightmares looked like. The thought of witnessing one, of hearing the little hitching sounds of worry Steve might make, how his face might look when weighed with fear just before he'd wake up and push himself into Billy's chest for comfort—the fear melting into something safe because *Billy is there* —is a fantasy Billy has ached over ever since Steve whispered the apologetic confession their first full night together that 'sometimes he had bad dreams and he hoped he didn't wake Billy up in the night'. The thing is, is that Steve really shouldn't have worried about waking Billy up, because Billy never sleeps in the first place, not with Steve's body stretched out and yet curled around him in the dark.

Billy knows it's weird, dirty, and wrong to watch Steve as he sleeps—

the later because he never just looks, he *aches*, feels the flush of it run through him, gets hard at the sight of it. He never just looks, but wants to touch, run his hands and lips all over Steve's skin as he sleeps. He doesn't though. He just looks at Steve and touches himself instead—Always tries to be as quiet as he can so Steve doesn't wake up and see him and ask what he's doing when Billy knows he won't be able to answer.

It isn't that Billy doesn't enjoy sex where everyone is conscious. Sex with Steve awake was fucking fantastic. This was just something else, some deep childhood itch that lurked beneath his skin. It's not like it's something he can ever tell Steve about, this thing between them—the slow thaw of mutual hostility into a charged swarm of frenzied sex and stolen late nights, Billy sneaking out of his own window at night to climb up and into Steve's when his father had missed his rib cage or ringing the front door bell when he hadn't—as it was is still too new, too fragile. And he'd never touch Steve while he isn't conscious enough to consent to it, but 'once upon a time' Billy had only had shadows to jerk off to, far away bodies that swam in and out of focus. But now Steve is raw and real and warm and **right there** and he just can't help but touch himself every time Steve sleeps beside him. He's made a habit of it, to the point where his own body wakes up like clockwork every night just before the dawn to gaze at the peaceful slopes of his mouth, the long lashed sweep of his eyes.

Steve always keeps his curtains open and the light from the pool is a constant shimmering source of light in the room at night, a faint casting of pale blue that turns Steve's skin an ethereal sort of white until he looks untouchable. And every night he can, Billy looks over the white glow of his skin, the dark shadows in his hair, the flushed slant of his mouth. In sleep, Steve looks more like a princess than ever, engaged in a vortex of electricity, cursed to slumber and waiting...

Billy's not delusional. It's not like he really believes he's doing Steve any favors by jerking himself off over his prostrate form, doesn't think that's exactly "saving" him from any sort of monster. And he definitely never wants Steve to wake up from or because of it. So when the digital clock on Steve's end table clicks to 4:15 am, Billy

knows he has to be quiet as he reaches down, fisting himself through the fabric of the bedsheets. The rustle of the cotton sounds too loud and sharp in the quiet air between them. He moves his hand as carefully as he can, keeping the strokes slow and quiet but it's not enough. Kicking back the sheet alleviates the snick of his knuckles against the fabric, so he takes it all the way down. His skin feels too hot and so he pushes his sweats down too until they're crumpled with the top sheet at the base of the bed. The new position leaves him naked and open to the room, a dangerous exposure considering he's hard just from looking at the helpless and delicate lines of Steve's face when he sleeps. But the loss of the bed covers also reveals Steve's full frame, propped on his side with his soft worn t-shirt riding up his chest, his shorts tangled around his thighs.

Something hot and wanting uncoils in Billy's stomach. He feels sick, disgusted by himself, but drawn in by Steve. Billy can't help but dwell on how relaxed Steve's muscles are, how easily he could roll Steve onto his back, climb on top of him and hold him there. How pliant Steve would be, his limbs falling open for him at loose angles. How Steve might look waking up with Billy's cock already inside him, the surprise on his face when he realizes he can't move under Billy's weight. Billy knows just how to touch Steve. He'd make it so good for him, make sure Steve was already on the verge of coming as he woke up. Steve would be surprised, overwhelmed with sensation, and he'd let Billy just take and give whatever he wanted. Billy wants Steve to wake up pleading.

Billy's breath hitches as he quickens his hand, elongating the strokes around the heavy weight of his cock, so hard he's leaking, the tremors of need and fear and that little bit of shame pushing him higher. Steve is breathing gentle and deep, murmurs something in his sleep. There's a gentle helplessness to the sound, and Steve's face just looks so innocent when relaxed, and it all just pushes Billy to the brink. Billy groans, a low sound in the dark, but louder than he intended to. A rustle of the sheets that Billy didn't cause puts him suddenly on edge, and his heart rate accelerates as Steve stirs.

Steve's eyelashes flutter, waking slowly, and his voice comes out as a question still slurred with sleep, "Billy?" Steve's groggy, confused voice—*his name* sleepily whispered from Steve's lips—cuts through

his thoughts on the precipice of coming and Billy spills over his fist in a sudden violent jerk of his hips before he can stop himself, feels shame burn at his cheeks. He lays there on his back after, frozen in the moment, heart pounding and gaze set hard and straight up at the ceiling, refusing to look at Steve.

There's no way Steve missed that Billy just came all over himself right next to him. But Steve confirms it anyway, his voice still sleep-laden as he mumbles out a teasing laugh. "Hey, you can wake me up if you're that hard up for it, you know," he slurs, nudging his forehead into the crook of Billy's neck to emphasize his point before collapsing his head on top of his shoulder, pulling himself up and against Billy's side.

"I didn't want to wake you," Billy whispered back, and the darker truth in that sentiment makes the guilt that's fluttering around in his chest pound harder.

Steve pops his head up at the strange timbre in Billy's voice, studies him in the dark. "Hey, you ok? What's wrong? It's not like I haven't seen you jerk off before. That's not exactly something you're generally shy about. What's up?"

"Nothing," Billy replies quickly, extracting himself from under Steve with a quick kiss to his forehead, chases it with another to his worried lips. "Seriously, it's nothing. Go back to sleep, baby. I'm going to go get cleaned up."

Steve watches Billy practically flee out the door, listens to the shower start. Billy's behavior was definitely odd, but Steve was still so tired, on the precipice of consciousness as it was, so he lets the distant cascade of the water lull him back to sleep.

Steve pays attention after that. Billy is fine the next morning, his usual bright and teasing self. He's fine in school, and at practice, posturing and picking fights on the court. Steve lets that night go, or seems to. But he doesn't really. Because he knows Billy and Billy had fucking masturbated right next to him, which was totally fine and hot, and really not all that unusual. But then he had been weird and

skittish about it, and neither of those things were ever something Steve had associated with Billy after an orgasm.

So Steve's curious, so much so that he skips the sleeping pills for the week until it's Friday night and Billy's in bed with him again. He feigns sleep when the lights go out, let's his breath settle into an even rhythm. He dozes off a bit at some point, but off the pills Steve is a rather light sleeper, which means that he wakes up when Billy begins to move. In the surrounding silence of the night, Steve can hear the faint sound of Billy's palm moving rapidly over his own skin, the soft grunts and sharp breaths of it. Even with his own eyes closed, Steve can feel Billy's gaze on him, focused and intense. Steve moves, making sure to keep his motions languid and sleep heavy, like he's still deeply asleep, and rolls to push his back up and into Billy, ass settling in the bent curve of Billy's lap where Billy's laying on his side facing him.

Billy's breath hitches and then he moans, involuntarily jerking up against the curve of Steve's ass. He grinds himself against Steve twice on reflex, his right hand ghosting over Steve's hip like he's about to grab on and pull him in. But before he does, Billy freezes, throwing himself back and away from Steve's body so quickly that he falls out of the bed.

Steve thinks 'oh' and smiles. Let's himself maintain his breathing, keeps his eyes closed as Billy calms down and climbs back into bed. Billy settles against the edge of the mattress, distinctly not touching Steve at all, but his breathing has turned wild and ragged as he comes back down from the momentary flare up of panic and Steve *knows* he wants to. *'I didn't want to wake you,'* Billy had told him. And Steve 'gets' it then. He really does.

The next weekend, Steve is utterly determined, and already a little turned on by the thought of it, when he turns towards Billy before bed. They've already had pretty spectacular sex three times that night when Steve turns to Billy and says, "I want you to fuck me."

Billy bites his tongue and leers at him, "You're fucking insatiable, Harrington. Ok, roll over."

“No. I want you to fuck me once I’m asleep.”

Billy goes incredibly still. “What?”

“Pretty sure you heard me.”

“Pretty sure I didn’t hear you *right*.”

Steve slows it down for him, enunciating every syllable. “I want you. To fuck me. Once I’m asleep.” Billy remains frozen, eyeing him cautiously with his jaw set in a tense clench of the muscle, so Steve keeps talking, pressing him. “Do you want me to wake up during or stay asleep the whole time?”

Billy finally blinks, focusing in on the fact that Steve has a collection of pills in his hand, a glass of water by the bed. And yet he simply repeats himself, albeit with even a little bit more surprise. “What?!”

“If I don’t take anything, I’ll wake up fairly quickly. I’m not that deep of a sleeper. But I found some of the *really* good stuff in my parent’s bathroom. So if I take a whole one, I’ll likely sleep through the whole thing.”

Billy licks nervously at his lip. “Steve, what are you...?”

Steve rolls his eyes at him, a little impatient but still kind. “Come on, Billy, answer the question. I want you to fuck me once I’m asleep. Not sure how much clearer I can be on that.” He’s looking at Billy in that knowing way of his like he can see right through him, the one that makes Billy feel raw and exposed. “Pretty sure you want it too.”

Billy’s never been great at lying, especially to Steve, so he doesn’t try. Staying silent is answer enough.

“Come on, don’t make it weird, babe. It’s not like we haven’t fucked before. And you’ve obviously seen me sleep, so it’s really just combining two things we do all the time. Pretty sure that shit we did two weeks ago with the glass and the hot sauce is way more niche than this. So how do you want me? I want to know; I want to do it *right*.”

At the open earnestness in Steve’s voice, Billy cracks a smile. Steve is

fucking perfect, always has been—barefooted in a too-loose pair of Billy's sweats, offering up his body to fulfill one of Billy's stranger fantasies, simply because he *can*. Billy searches Steve's face. There's no judgment or disgust there. He actually seems to mean it when he says he wants Billy to fuck him while he's *sleeping*, maybe even seems a little excited by the novelty of it, the unknown, and fuck, Billy loves him.

Billy still feels a little hesitant and a little shy to talk about it, but it's genuine when he relents, "I don't know. I guess... have you wake up? I mean, you being asleep is definitely part of it, kind of, you know, having you there in front of me all lax and pliant—all mine to just *take*. But then I always think about you waking up during... about how your face would look when you realize I'm inside you."

The nerves along Steve's spine shiver pleasantly at the implication of that. The idea of Billy inside him and Steve not even knowing—how it might feel to wake up pinned down to the mattress by the rippled muscles of Billy's body and the full heavy stretch of his cock—incites Steve into a glowing smile as he snaps one of the pills down the middle. "Half then."

Billy still looks a little wary, unsure. "You want this? You sure? You don't have to. I swear, Steve, I would never.."

Steve cuts him off with a kiss in a soothing seal of his lips to Billy's. "Shh. It's okay. I know you wouldn't. And yeah, I want you to. I mean, the idea of you doing whatever you want to me, using my body entirely for your pleasure and me not being able to stop you, having to just trust you like that, and knowing I'm giving you something no one else ever has, it's all pretty fucking hot, actually."

Billy watches as Steve downs the pill and stretches himself out on the bed. "You want me to take my clothes off before I sleep? Or are you going to do it for me?"

Billy finally seems to fully get that this is '*happening*', and he moves across the room to join Steve on the bed, links his fingers under the hem of Steve's shirt and pulls it off of him. Steve lets him, makes his arms heavy and sluggish like he's already feeling the drugs. Billy has no idea if he is, or if Steve's just already settling in to his role. As if

reading his mind, Steve supplies, “Shit, those drugs are quick. I guess I know why mom’s such a zombie whenever she’s in the house.”

“Are you ok?” Billy asks him, worried by the slowing of his motor functions and a bit concerned that Steve would just pop a fucking pill he’s never taken before like candy. But decides now isn’t really the time to get into all that when he isn’t exactly fully present to have that discussion.

Steve nods, “Yeah, I’m fine. It’s just a Hal. It’s just making me tired. That’s what it’s *supposed* to do.” On cue Steve yawns, stretches his shoulders back. Steve has always been particularly susceptible to any kind of drug and Billy can see that Steve’s eyes are growing heavy, the lids slipping down over the brown irises. Billy helps him lay back on the bed and gets in beside him to pull Steve against his chest. Steve lays his head down, still speaking, his speech growing more slurred. “Tell me a story. Tell me what you’re going to do to me. Once I’m asleep. Wanna hear it.”

Billy brushes Steve’s hair off his forehead, away from his face. His own dick is already starting to swell against Steve’s body as it relaxes into him; he knows Steve can feel it. And Billy suddenly gets why Steve was so incessant about that third time in the shower, after the kitchen and then the stairs, ripping Billy’s orgasm from his overspent body. Because Steve has been planning this all night, knew they’d end up here and that just *this* would have been enough to send Billy over otherwise. Steve knew Billy would want to draw this out, delay his pleasure and savor it. And Billy does. “I’m going to take my time with you,” Billy promises him. “Going to kiss every part of your body. Start with your feet, run my lips up your legs, your thighs, hands, arms, chest, neck. Work you open on my tongue, see if you still make those noises when you sleep. I’m going to be so gentle with you, baby, the way I know you’d never let me be when you’re awake,” he admits, punctuating the soft accusation with a kiss to Steve’s temple. “Always so impatient, too impatient, to let me to take that kind of time, to go that slow, to worship every fucking inch of this gorgeous body of yours like I should; I know you like it too rough for that.”

Steve burrows into the slopes of Billy’s chest, murmuring off-handedly in agreement as he drifts off, his body melting over Billy’s

in a relaxed sleep. Billy looks at Steve's body in his arms, watches the deepening rise and fall of his chest, Billy's heart rate accelerating with every beat that Steve's slows. Once he's fully under, Steve is pliant and soft and Billy slips his shoulder out from under him to lay him on the bed. From his side-propped position, it's easy for Billy to move Steve onto his back and arrange the limp angles of his limbs until they're spread open for him. Steve drapes naturally over the pillows, a slight curve to his spine from the angle.

The sight of him makes Billy so hard it hurts. He palms his dick through his sweats, trying to slow his own breathing as he counts back from ten before stripping off his clothes, until he's standing stark naked in the golden glow of the room over Steve who doesn't move from where Billy put him.

He turns off the lamps in the room, click by click, until the warm temperature of their bulbs have all gone out and only the icy pale blue from the pool remains, the shadows of the water outside flickering the incandescent lights over Steve's pale skin. He's ethereal again, untouchable. Only this time Billy *can* touch and the knowledge of that curls in his gut as he moans into the still silence of the room. He remembers the stories, they're crystalized in his mind, how only the worthiest sons of kings would find the most beautiful of bodies cursed to slumber. Only the worthy could touch, and only after they had proven themselves a reverent and willing sacrifice. Billy knows he's not worthy of the boy in front of him and that he never will be. But the reverence for Steve is there, as is the full will to sacrifice. And two out of three isn't too bad, at least for here and now. And Billy can work on the third part, he *can*.

Billy starts where he can, moving up to the side of the low bed and sinking to his knees next to Steve's lax form. He does exactly what he promised he would, soft whispers of lips and tongue over every inch of his skin. Gentle press of fingers and palms, exploring and tasting every part of him. He discovers new pieces as he goes, catalogues them. Kissing the soles of Steve's feet makes his thighs shiver, adding tongue makes them quake. There's a birthmark on the side of Steve's hip that he's never seen before, a slight discoloration of the skin that can only be detected up close. There's a spot on his rib cage that triggers a reflexive response, a small twitch and jerk of his torso, and

a spot on his collar bone that makes his eyes flutter.

Billy diligently traces and maps Steve's skin before he finally thumbs the bottom jut on his lip with one hand as he caresses and fingers Steve open with the other. Steve's body responds in his sleep, his cock growing hard and twitching even as the rest of him is still. Like always, Billy is drawn inexorably toward it, gets his mouth around him and slots it down slow, inch by inch by inch, until it's all the way in his throat. He hums until Steve matches it, a quiet almost inaudible but pleased sound pulled from whatever he's dreaming into the air. Billy pulls off, licks him from the tip of his cock to the base, moves lower to his balls, and then his hot, relaxed hole. His body temperature has raised in sleep, his interior warmer than it even usually is. Billy groans into Steve's skin, a much louder sound, and seals his mouth around it—licks, and sucks, and moans as he eats Steve out—Gets Steve wet, gets himself lost in it. Throughout it all, Steve's body is nothing but languid patience, soft and pliant, giving and taking everything Billy offers. When Billy finally crawls between Steve's thighs and lays himself over him, pushing in without even a reflex of resistance, Billy is caught by just how completely vulnerable Steve has let himself be for him. How much trust Steve is placing in him in that moment, absolutely submitting the care of his body over to Billy and Billy feels protective, and proud, and grateful all at once until he's nearly choking on it. Moans the sound of it into the crook of Steve's neck as he rocks into him.

Time seems to languidly roll by, enchanted and spelled like one of his books. Somewhere a clock is ticking and Billy can tell the moment Steve starts to come back to him through the acceleration of his breath, the flicker of lashes, and the subtle stirring of his muscles.

Billy had taken his time with the slow caress and exploration of his body, waking Steve in what must be a couple of hours in. He's coming to from a deep sleep, the slow struggle to break out of it evident through his features as Steve's eyes flutter and his mouth twists into a confused pout, "Billy?"

"Yeah, yeah, it's me, baby. You're safe. You're with me. I'm with you. I'm 'in' you. Can you feel me?" He assures him, the words accentuated by a steady slow thrust of his hips, pausing at the hilt.

Steve's still groggy, half asleep and out of it, but Billy can feel Steve's body relax at the sound of his voice as he nods without understanding. It's obvious that Steve still isn't fully aware of what's happening—that he's taking a lot on faith here that he's right where he's supposed to be and that he's *safe*, because Billy said he was. The thought, or rather the *confirmation*, that Steve feels safe with Billy—*because of Billy*—after all they've been through, after everything Billy has done to and around Steve since the day they met, has Billy on the verge of crying and coming all at once. He's not ready though, doesn't want it to end yet, so Billy chokes the tears and threat of orgasm back, folding over Steve's body as sensations of gratitude and lust travel through him. Steve's eyes are still a little unfocused, confused, but an echo of pleasure shivers through him and he sinks his teeth into his bottom lip like he's surprised by the surge of sensation as he struggles to keep his eyelids open, to make sense of his surroundings. Billy waits for it, rocking Steve slowly with deep pulsing motions of his hips, all his attention set on seeking out that moment when the surprised sheen of Steve's pupils clears. The moment it does, Steve's sudden smile is bright, lights something in Billy's nervous system all the way to his core. Steve lets his head fall back into the pillow, relaxes his back and limbs into the bed as his hips struggle to cant and arch back to meet him. "Yeah." He breathes, "*fuck*, yeah, I can feel you. You feel so *good*, Billy. Fuck."

Billy peppers soft kisses on Steve's jaw. "You were so good, baby. You are so good to me."

Steve's limbs are still heavy, the muscle weak. He groans out in frustration as he tries to roll his hips up again to meet Billy's thrusts. "I can't move."

Billy groans into his skin, "You don't need to. Just let me..."

Steve nods, still sluggish and slow, but his eyes are alert. "Yeah. Yeah, babe, whatever you want....It's not like I can stop you. Feel so fucking helpless, babe."

Billy groans and his hips snap at that. "*fuck, Steve*," he whimpers, almost inaudible, and then asks louder, "Yeah?"

"Yeah. Totally at your mercy. You could do anything to me. Anything

at all and I couldn't stop you. Maybe you already *did*. I have no idea what you've been doing to me for hours. I never will. But I'll feel it tomorrow, won't I? You fucked me good and deep so I'll feel it, yeah? I wanna feel it."

"Yeah, of course, always." Billy assures, thrusts in sharper as a promise. Steve's eyes spark at the sharpness of the thrust, but Billy brings it back down to a gentler pace. He finds a rhythm, letting the dilation of Steve's pupils and the hitches of his breath guide him since Steve's body can't, but he still keeps it slow because he *can*, because Steve wasn't in a position to force Billy to take him faster. Steve really did like it rough—and fast. Sex between them always tinged by a wicked blend of violence and aggression, even though the personal daily hostility between them had long since faded into tender affection. And Billy, Billy liked to give Steve what he wanted. Billy was never one for going slow anyway, if he paused too long someone might actually see him, maybe even see right through him, deep into the marrow, and they'd know he wasn't really a full person on his own. That princes and kings were nothing without quests and kingdoms, and somewhere long ago Billy had declared Steve the answer to both.

Billy also knows, however, just how to touch Steve, even when slow. Billy's mapped the depths of him and knows all the angles of Steve's body. He's going slow but deep, a careful grind and grate after every thrust that has Steve's fingers twitching in the sheets as he moans. The muscles of Steve's limbs are still slack as he begins to shudder slightly under the strain of trying to move them and his words come out as a frustrated whine. "Billy, I'm so fucking close. I can't..."

Billy soothes him with his tongue, never once stopping the motion of his hips even as Steve begins to whimper. "Hey, it's ok."

"*help*," Steve pleads simply—a simple one word that's both a plea and command, the pout forming again on his lips and Billy moans, pushes into him deep as he curls his fingers around Steve's hips, because it's perfect. Because Steve's so fucking perfect and *helping, saving, rescuing* is all Billy has ever wanted to do.

Billy moves his left hand down to the thick hard length of Steve's cock, teases it just for a moment with the tips of his fingers before

wrapping his palm firmly around him, pulls and flicks his wrist the way Steve likes it. “*I’ve got you, princess,*” Billy whispers to him like the promise it is, kisses Steve’s temple, fucks into him harder, but still slow, so very very slow. Steve lets out a strangled cry that *almost* makes Billy want to cave, to just pick up the pace like Steve’s body is begging for—almost. Instead he moves around Steve tighter, sealing his lips over Steve’s to swallow the sounds the juxtaposition of the roughness of his mouth combined with the soft cut of his hips pulls out of them both.

Steve lets his legs fall open further against the bed, uses whatever strength he can find to allow the coiling tension inside him to build. He can’t move to find the angle he needs, so Billy shifts to find it for him. Steve’s body jerks reflexively when he finds it. “Yeah, please, Billy. Right there. Stay right there.”

There are times when Billy would do the opposite, just to tease him, to see what Steve would do. But Steve is already giving him *everything* and all Billy can do is give him this one small pleasure back. “Fuck, *Steve*, yeah, whatever you need, baby. I’m here, right here with you.”

The ripples of Steve’s building orgasm vibrates under his skin, all the muscles in Steve’s core straining to awaken, and Billy strokes him through it, staying pressed right where Steve needs him inside to send him over. Steve’s never been so still when he comes, body frozen beneath Billy, neck finding just enough movement to snap back, the trapped energy coiling through him escaping his throat in a sharp moan. A reflexive jolt of the muscle hits, Steve’s spine slowly arching like he’s coming back to life, and Billy loses it, comes hard deep inside Steve at the feel of his body coming back.

They lay there after, rapid cooling breaths and skin, entangled in the sheets and the early shadows of the dawn. Billy thinks that the night couldn’t be any closer to his books, to the childhood promises his mother had made to him about what his future holds. Thinks *this*—seeking life and belonging from Steve’s warm, awakening and welcoming form on the outskirts of the woods in a castle in Indiana—is a sort of ever-after, or at least, the start of something he never really thought he’d have. That in its own strange and wondrous way, this might just be ‘Hawkins’ for fairytale.